

Roxbury, Jan. 25, 1878.

My Dear Fanny:

I wanted to hear about your visit to the White House, and your letter just received gives me the desired information. Your being introduced to President Hayes and his wife as my daughter, by Professor Hilgard, was well meant, but malapropos, seeing that I have felt it a duty again publicly to condemn the Southern policy of the President in strong terms. Enclosed is my letter on the subject, addressed to Hon. W. E. Chandler of New Hampshire. The New York Times of Thursday morning contained nearly the whole of it, which you may have seen. In Boston the Transcript, Traveller and Globe have copied it entire.



You need no reminder that to-day is the second anniversary of your beloved mother's decease. It brings me two years nearer the end of my earthly pilgrimages, and, consequently, so much nearer for that re-union which I fully believe is possible beyond the grave. Wherever she may be, or however employed, she has not forgotten husband or children left behind, but is specially drawn to us by the strong cords of love on this occasion, "in memoriam." It is only to think of her to be, as it were, in her presence, enjoying her sweet companionship, and looking at her placid countenance as she used to sit in her accustomed place at the window. We have all reason to bless her memory. Frank has adorned her three portraits in the parlor and sitting-room with smiles, as he did last year. What was to us a sharp bereavement was to her a happy translation.



We are having at this time a great  
Cat Show in Mewsie Hall. No less  
than 300 cats are on exhibition, and  
to-day I have looked at them all. They  
are of all kinds and sizes - some of  
them very fine indeed. The attendance  
is so large that Mr. Peck will make  
it pecuniarily profitable to himself,  
besides giving premiums to the amount  
of one thousand dollars.

The Sewises must have had a  
rough night of it on the ocean on Wed-  
nesday. It is strange indeed that Mrs.  
S. should have chosen mid-winter  
for crossing the stormy Atlantic.

George is still confined to the house  
with his disfigured face. I shall prob-  
ably see him to-morrow.

Mrs. Osborne has returned from  
Springfield.

My benediction upon you all.  
Your loving Father.



